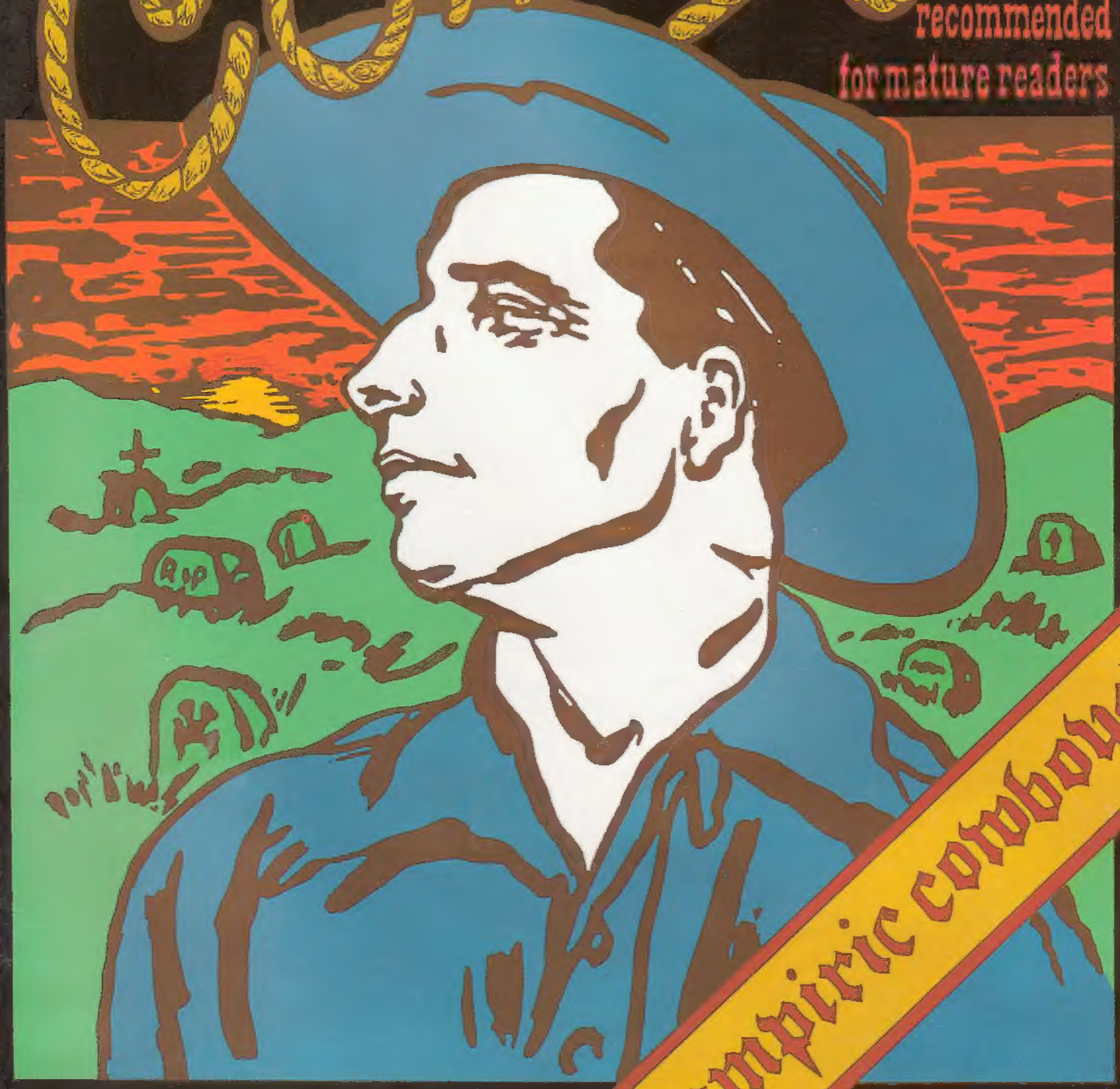
# RIP OFF Comix

no. 26

recommended for mature readers



vampiric cowboys

RIP OFF PRESS, INC.

$3.25/4.50can.

howdy lil' feller.
HE SAW YOU ON THE TOP BUNK SITTING TERRIFIED AS HE SLID HIS TEETH FROM THE WOUNDS ON HER NECK.
©1980 JOHN HOWARD

RIP OFF COMIX THE VAMPIRIC COWBOY ISSUE GUEST EDITOR: BRUCE HILVITZ

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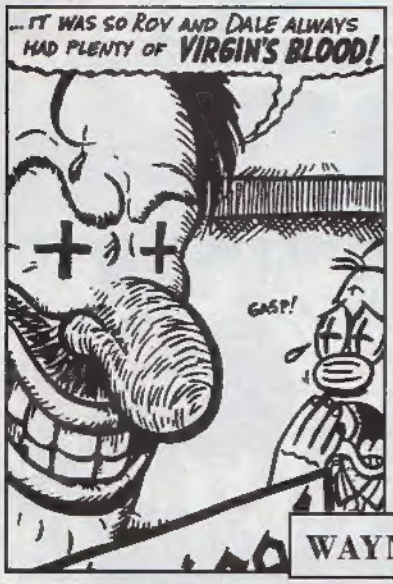



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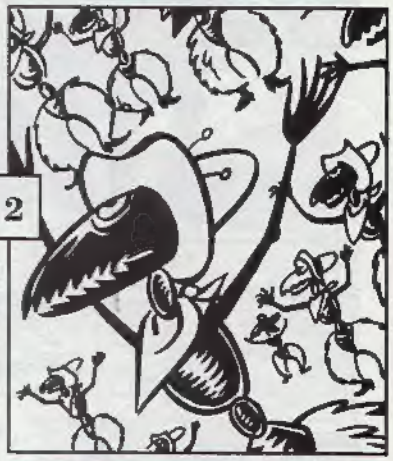

*Special Thanks: Fred & Kathe; Nancy Despard for all her help; John "Lariat" Howard; Don Donahue for putting up with all of my questions; that Raf guy; Pete Ivey. . . bon voyage!; and last but not least all the artists within this issue who did such splendid work.*

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GRANTED, HE IS AN INMATE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM, BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP 8-BALL FROM TAKING EXTENDED FIELD TRIPS ON HIS NEVER-ENDING SEARCH FOR THRILLS, DANGER, AND CHEAP HIGHS. INDEED, HE WAS LAST SEEN RECOVERING FROM A GENDER-BENDING EXPERIENCE TO REALIZE HIS FULL POTENTIAL AS AN ASSHOLE BY PLUNGING A BUSLOAD OF KIDNAPPED SCHOOL CHILDREN OFF A VERY HIGH CLIFF.

OF COURSE, DREAMING ISN'T A CRIME, BUT IT MIGHT BE PUNISHMENT ENOUGH AS 8-BALL GETS HIS...

# JUST DESERTS

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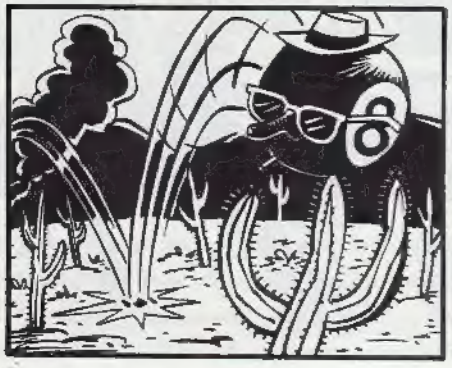
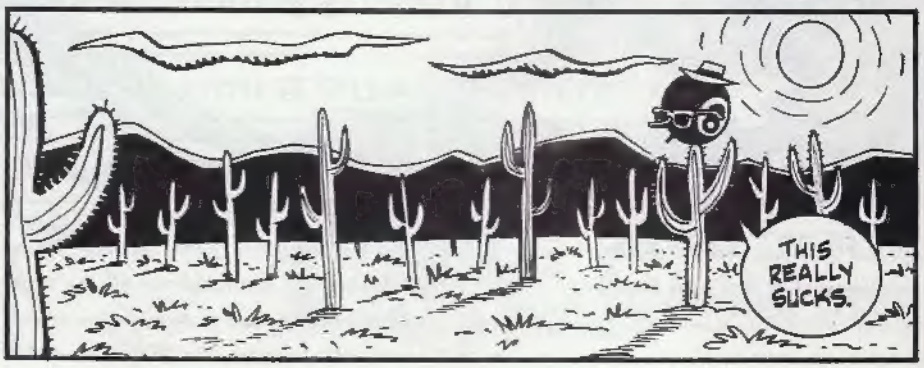
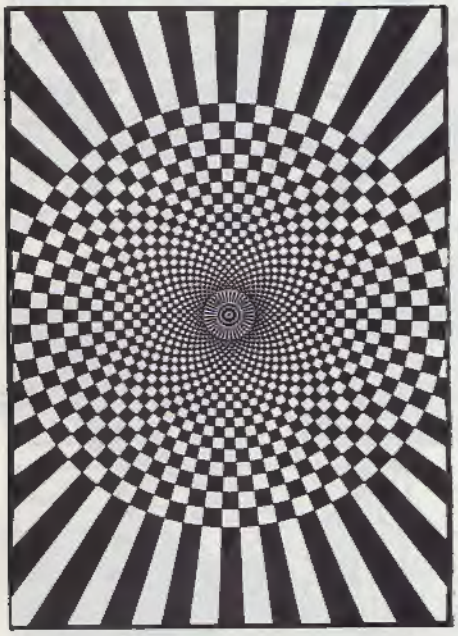




HEY!! OVER HERE!!

HUH... HE CAN'T HEAR ME.
...DUMB SHIT...

AH... IT'S NOT HIS FAULT.
GEE, I FEEL GOOD...
I FEEL SORT OF TUNED IN...TURNED ON...



THE EARTH...THE SKY... IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL...
I LOVE EVERYTHING...EVERY-THING IS LOVE...

THE OTHERS...BEAUTIFUL AURAS...SO ALIVE...
OF COURSE, IF 8-BALL HEARD WHAT HE'D JUST SAID WHILE IN HIS RIGHT, EVIL LITTLE MIND, HE'D TAKE AN ARSENIC ENEMA.

HARK, FELLOW TRAVELLER.
BEWARE, BROTHER! DEATH APPROACHES!

NONSENSE. THE EARTH IS AT PEACE...ALL IS LOVE...
NOT FOR LONG, PAL! THE COWBOYS ARE COMING TO SUCK THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!

THEY'VE KILLED MILLIONS OF YOU TO GET HIGH ON YOUR FLUIDS!
HERE THEY COME NOW!

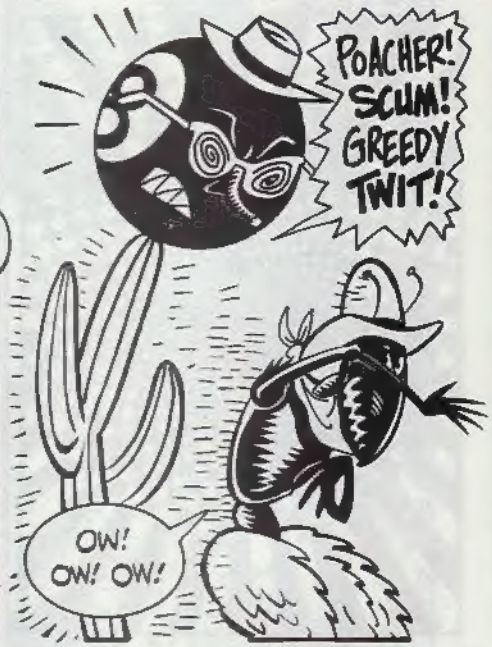
SURE ENOUGH, THE SCURVY COW-BOYS METHODICALLY SINK THEIR TEETH INTO EVERY CACTUS IN SIGHT.

OMIGOD! THERE'S JUST A FEW OF US LEFT! ARE WE DOOMED?!
WHAT KIND OF MADMEN ARE THEY?!

JUST YOUR AVERAGE, ORDINARY, RUN-OF-THE-MILL MADMAN...
SLURP!
ACTUALLY, JUST A TRANSPARENT ALLEGORY FOR WANTON MATERIALISM.

GAD! THIS IS HORRIBLE! I'M THE LAST ONE LEFT!

YOU CAN'T KILL ME! I'M THE END OF THE LINE!!
HEY, FELLERS, THIS ONE TALKS. BET IT'S GOT A REAL KICK TO IT.


POACHER! SCUM! GREEDY TWIT!
OW! OW! OW!

HE'S THE LAST ONE LEFT, ALRIGHT... AND NUDE O' NEEDLES.
MMMM... DEE-LISH!

WOE IS ME...

ALL IS LOST...
THE WORLD IS DOOMED...

THE COWBOYS, OF COURSE, ARE OBLIVIOUS TO THEIR CARNAGE AND DRIFT OFF IN SEARCH OF NEW WAYS TO FEED THEIR APPETITES...
... AND 8-BALL'S CACTUS-JUICE HIGH EVENTUALLY WEARS OFF.
HEY! WATCHYER STEP!
JEEZUS!
I'M ON UPSIDE DOWN!!
I COULD GET USED TO IT, THOUGH ...
GRUNT ...THAT'S BETTER...
MAN, THAT WAS SOME HIGH...
SAY, LOOKIT THAT! THE COWBOYS MISSED A LITTLE BABY CACTUS...
PROB'LY THE LAST ONE OF ITS KIND...
SUCK SLURP!
THAT REALLY TEARS IT! DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU JUST WANT TO ANNIHILATE THE LITTLE CREEP?!!
YES.
THE END FOR NOW...

BEASEWAD TALES
BY: DAVE "PAPA" CHERRY
TELL US ANOTHER ONE OLD-TIMER!
BUY ME A BEER FIRST
(THANKY, TOOTS) – 'JEVER HEAR ABOUT JAKE AN' ZEKE, TH' TWO BLOODSUCKIN' COWHANDS? USED TO RIDE RANGE ABOUT A HUNNERD OR SO MILES SOUTH O' HERE –
"'BOUT TWICET A YEAR THEY'D SADDLE UP AN' RIDE INTA TOWN FER A LITTLE 'R AN' R'. USED TO STOP AT THE 'EAGER BEAVER' SALOON ACROST TH' STREET THAR."
EAGER BEAVER
"TH' UPPER FLOOR SERVED AS A (AHEM) 'HOUSE OF ILL-REPUTE'."
HOWDY, MA'AM!
GIVE US TWO O' YER PURTIEST HEIFERS!
"FUNNY THING WAS, AFTER THEY'D LEAVE THAR'D ALLUS BE A COUPLA GALS LYIN' AROUND WITH BITE MARKS ON THEIR NECKS-AN' LOOKIN' NONE TOO CHIPPER, I MIGHT ADD."
"FOLKS NOTICED OTHER ODDBALL THINGS 'BOUT THEM COWBOYS TOO...."
WILL YEW QUIT SHOWIN' OFF ALREADY? C'MON, IT'S ALMOST SUN-UP!
"FINALLY, THIS NEW GAL WHO'D HAD SOME BOOK-LEARNIN' READ 'EM ALL A STORY 'BOUT SOME 'COUNT' FELLER FROM PENNSYLVAINIE WHO SUCKED GALS' BLOOD FER A LIVIN' (SORTA LIKE TH' I.R.S.)"
"ANYWAY, NEXT TIME TH' GALS SEEN JAKE AN' ZEKE A-COMIN' THEY ALL STARTED RUBBIN' GARLIC ON THEIR NECKS LIKE THAR WUZ NO TOMORROW."
"WAL, WHEN THEM TWO VARMINTS SMELT THAT GARLIC, THEY DONE SCOOTED AWAY FUM THAT HOORHOUSE FASTER'N A CROOKED POLLYTICIAN FROM A PRO CESS SERVER..."
RECKON WE'VE SEEN TH' LAST O' THOSE TWO!
...AN' NOBODY'S SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF 'EM SINCE–
ONE QUES-TION, OLD-TIMER–
I THOUGHT VAMPIRES COULD ONLY DRINK THE BLOOD OF VIRGINS?
OH, JEST TH' ONES FROM PENNSYLVAINIE, I S'POSE–
BY THE WAY, M' BEER'S EMPTY!
END

# Henry Miller I'm Not!

SORT OF A DOG BOY STORY ...by STEVE LAFLER

# The Trouble With Fun...

BY DOG BOY

ALFRED KNOOT WENT TO THE PARTY THAT EVENING WITH HIS SWEETHEART, MARIA.

MARIA LEFT IN A HUFF AFTER AN ARGUMENT WITH KNOOT!

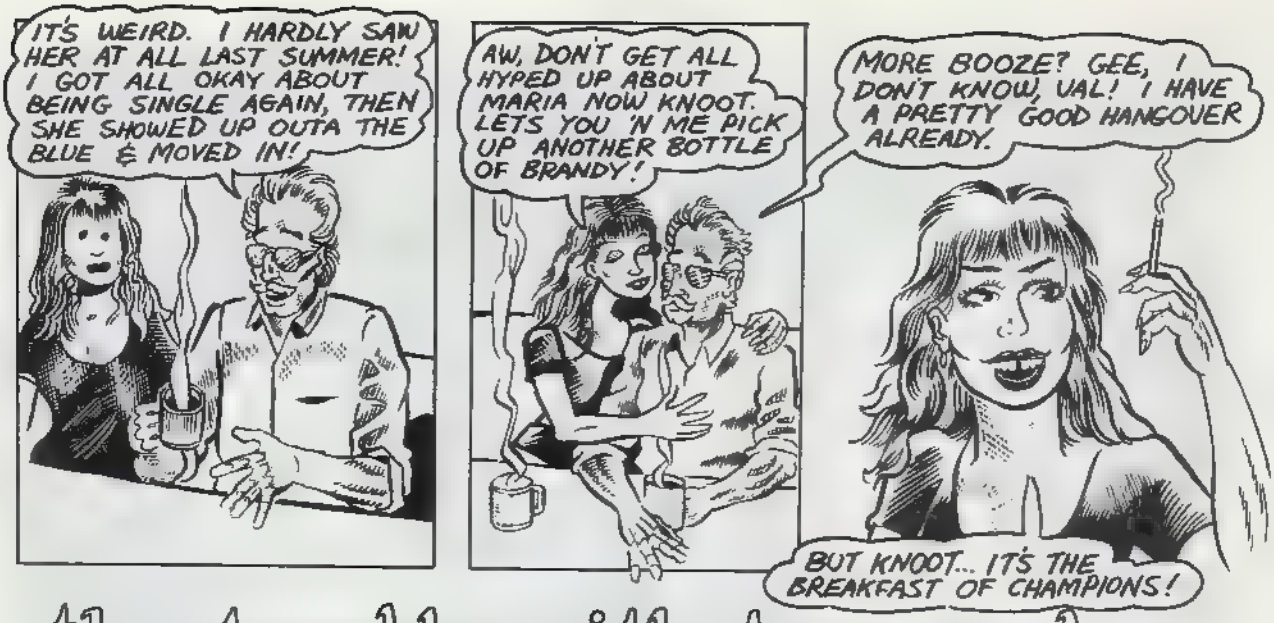
THUS THE STAGE IS SET FOR VALERIE (A VAMPIRIC COWGIRL ARTIST) TO SAY:

KNOOT, WANNA COME OVER TO MY PLACE FOR BRANDY WITH LUCY & I?

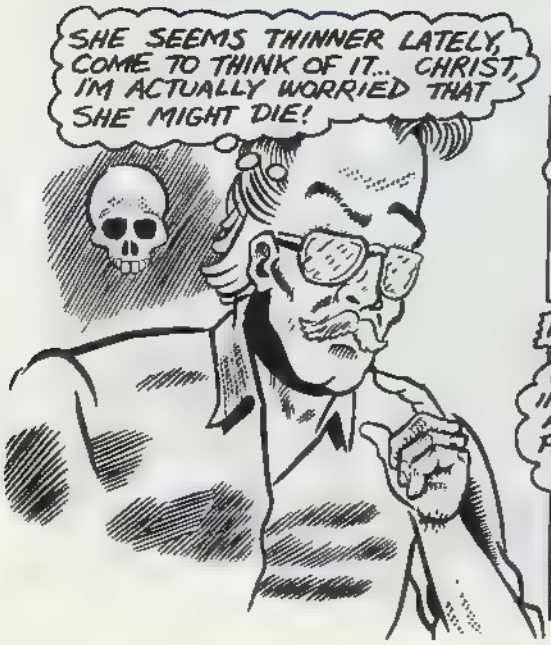
is that it can hurt the next day.

Sometimes it hurts your head, sometimes your heart.

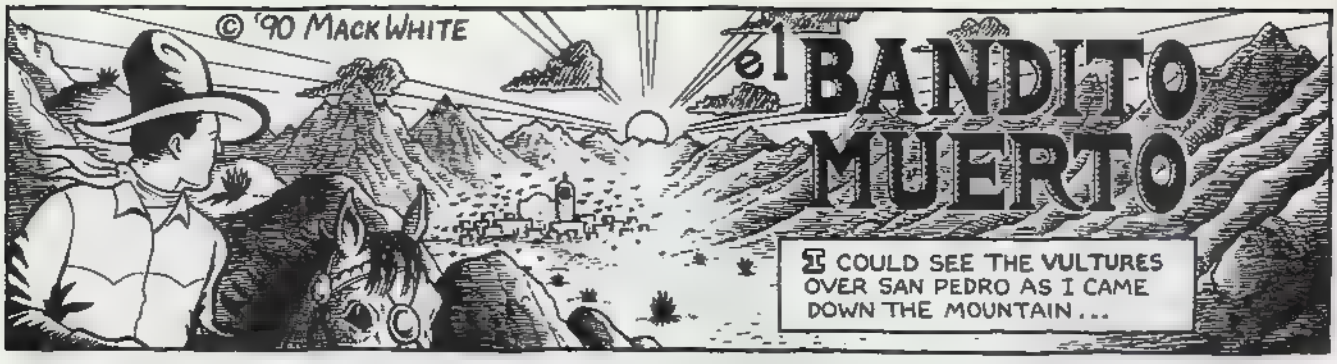
BREAKFAST... LUCY HAS TO BE AT A CONVENTION EARLY.. KNOOT OFFERS TO TREAT.

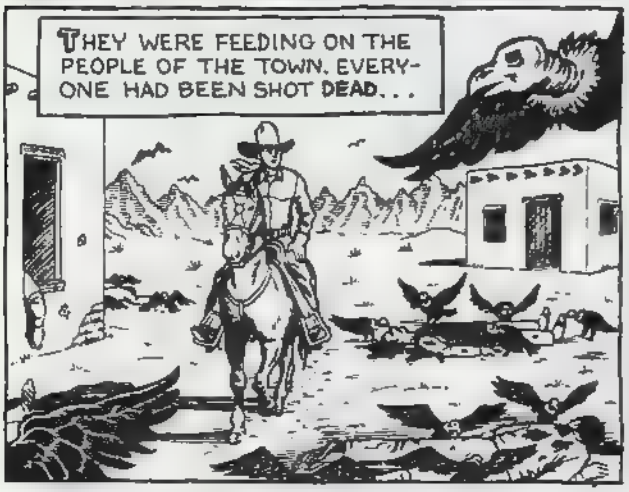


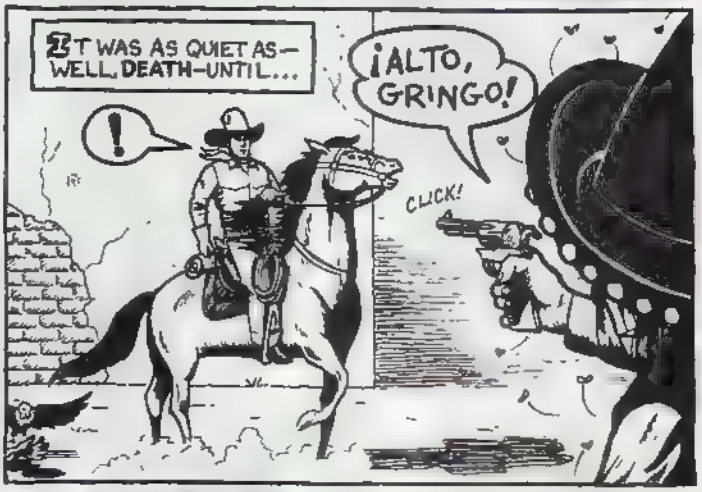

# the trouble with too much fun...

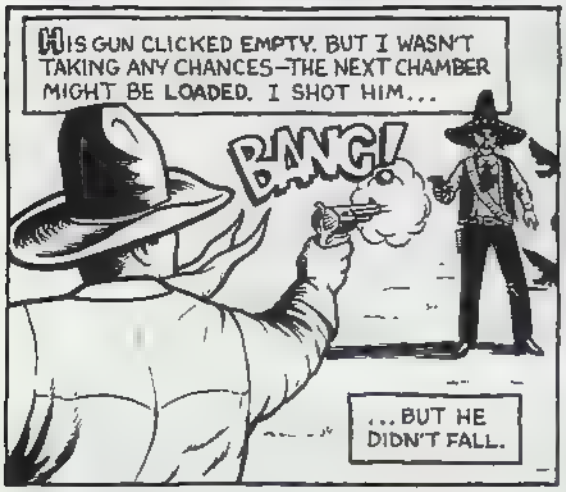


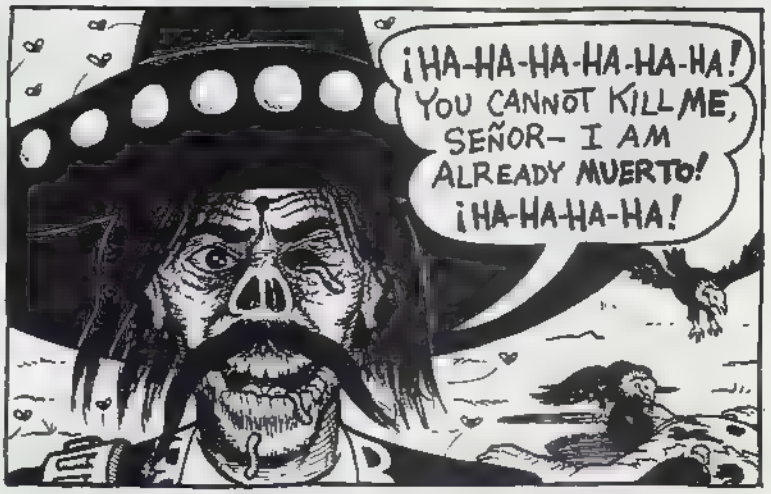
...OR MAYBE I SHOULD DO A SCENE WHERE KNOOT GIVES MARIA A SILK TEDDIE & BLACK NYLONS FOR HER BIRTHDAY, THEN SHE DONS HER NEW OUTFIT & DOES SEDUCTIVE LOVE DANCE?
NAH... DAT WOULD GET ME IN HOT WATER WITH CERTAIN PARTIES.
???????? ??????????????
WOOF!
Rarr!
RIZZ!
RIP!
BULLSHIT!!! I CAN'T WRITE THIS REAL LIFE STUFF! NO SIR, NOT ME! IF I WAS REALLY GOING TO WRITE ABOUT DORI, I SHOULD STICK TO THE FACTS, NOT THIS FICTIONALIZED HORSESHIT!
...is that it can kill you.
ANYWAY, HENRY MILLER I AIN'T. MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL GIVE THE HARVEY PEKAR SCHTICK ANOTHER SHOT...
MEANWHILE, I'LL RETURN TO STORIES ABOUT ARCHETYPICAL CHARACTERS AND THE NATURE OF PHYSICAL REALITY!
ACTUALLY, I THINK I'LL JERK OFF FIRST!
BIZZ ZIPP.


© '90 MACK WHITE
el BANDITO MUERTO
I COULD SEE THE VULTURES OVER SAN PEDRO AS I CAME DOWN THE MOUNTAIN...


THEY WERE FEEDING ON THE PEOPLE OF THE TOWN. EVERYONE HAD BEEN SHOT DEAD...

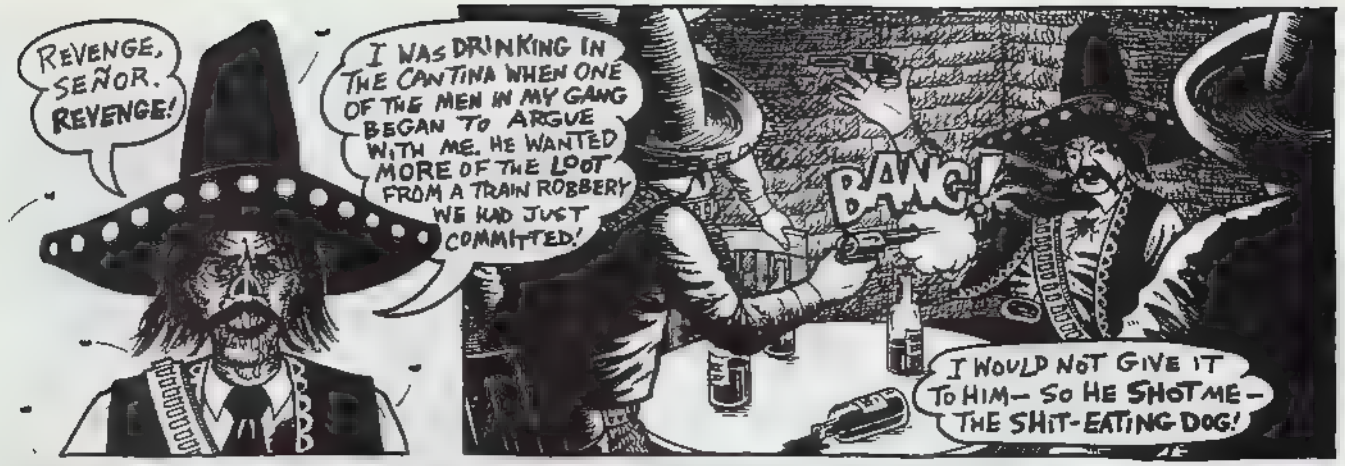

IT WAS AS QUIET AS— WELL, DEATH—UNTIL...
!
¡ALTO, GRINGO!
CLICK!


HIS GUN CLICKED EMPTY. BUT I WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES—THE NEXT CHAMBER MIGHT BE LOADED. I SHOT HIM...
BANG!
...BUT HE DIDN'T FALL.

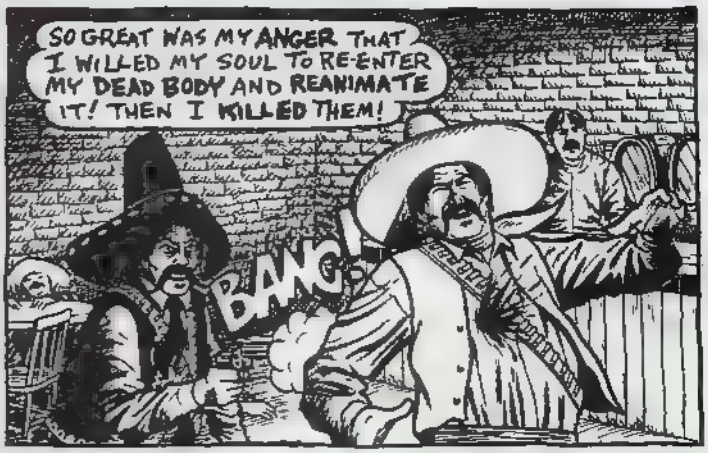

¡HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA! YOU CANNOT KILL ME, SEÑOR— I AM ALREADY MUERTO! ¡HA-HA-HA-HA!

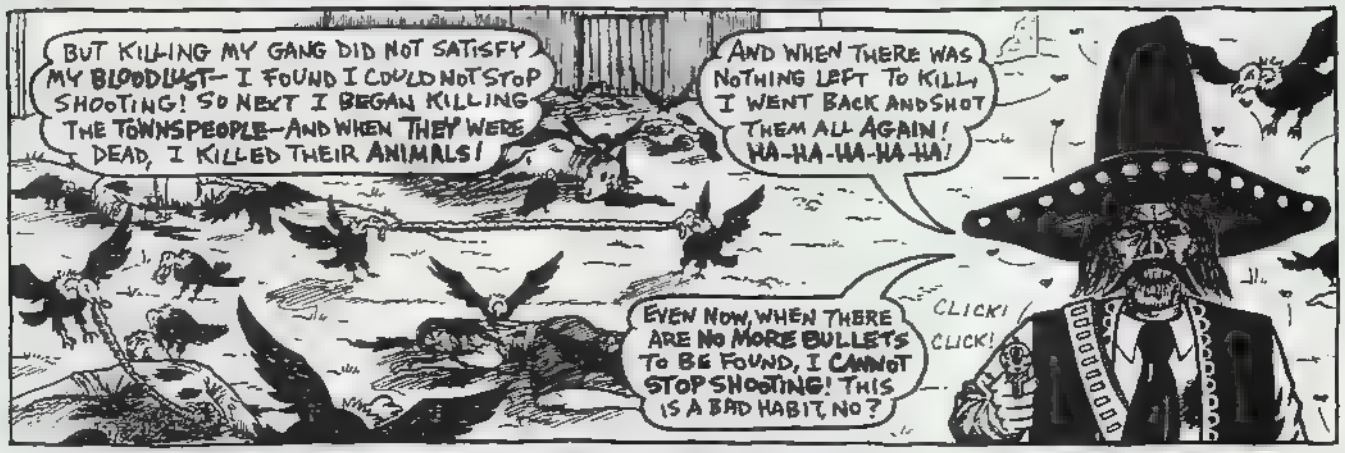
YOU'RE... DEAD?
SÍ—AND YOU WOULD BE TOO IF I HAD ANY BULLETS LEFT—I WOULD KILL YOU JUST AS I KILLED THESE PEOPLE! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
CLICK!

YOU KILLED THESE PEOPLE?
SÍ.
WHY?


REVENGE, SEÑOR. REVENGE!
I WAS DRINKING IN THE CANTINA WHEN ONE OF THE MEN IN MY GANG BEGAN TO ARGUE WITH ME. HE WANTED MORE OF THE LOOT FROM A TRAIN ROBBERY WE HAD JUST COMMITTED!
BANG!
I WOULD NOT GIVE IT TO HIM— SO HE SHOT ME— THE SHIT-EATING DOG!

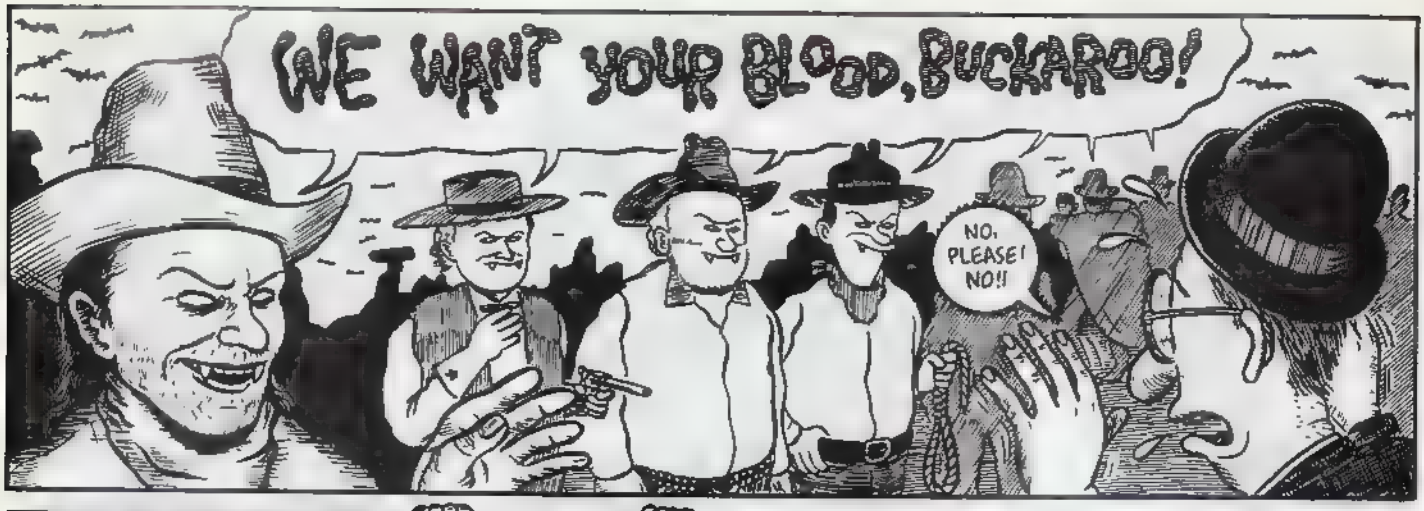
MY SOUL LEFT MY BODY AND DRIFTED TO THE CEILING! I WATCHED AS MY FORMER COMPADRES MOCKED AND DESECRATED MY BODY!

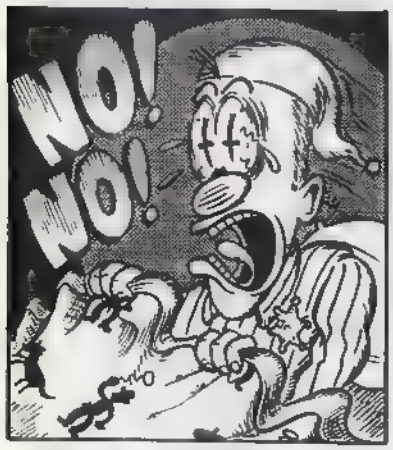

SO GREAT WAS MY ANGER THAT I WILLED MY SOUL TO RE-ENTER MY DEAD BODY AND REANIMATE IT! THEN I KILLED THEM!
BANG!


BUT KILLING MY GANG DID NOT SATISFY MY BLOODLUST— I FOUND I COULD NOT STOP SHOOTING! SO NEXT I BEGAN KILLING THE TOWNSPEOPLE—AND WHEN THEY WERE DEAD, I KILLED THEIR ANIMALS!
AND WHEN THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO KILL, I WENT BACK AND SHOT THEM ALL AGAIN! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
EVEN NOW, WHEN THERE ARE NO MORE BULLETS TO BE FOUND, I CANNOT STOP SHOOTING! THIS IS A BAD HABIT, NO?
CLICK! CLICK!

AND WHAT IS WORSE— NOW MY SOUL IS TRAPPED! I CAN NOT LEAVE MY ROTTING FLESH!!!
¡AIIEEE!
I LEFT HIM THERE, USELESSLY CLICKING HIS GUN AT THE BIRDS. THE SUN WAS SETTING...
¡DIABLOS!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
...AND I WANTED TO BE FAR AWAY WHEN DARKNESS FELL.

THE END


WE WANT YOUR BLOOD, BUCKAROO!
NO, PLEASE! NO!!

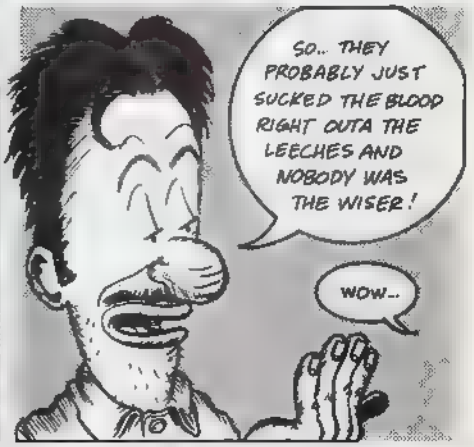

NO! NO!

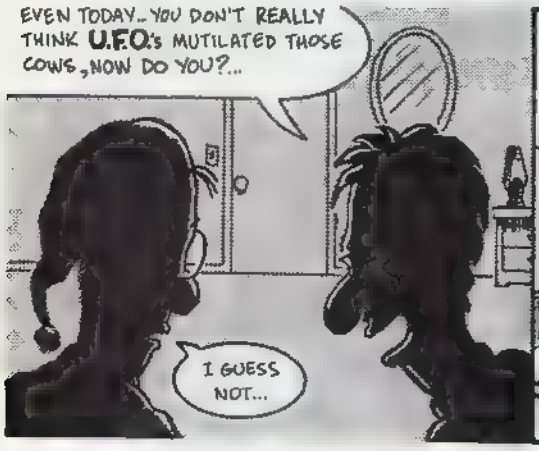
HEY, WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS? I'M TRYING TO SLEEP UP HERE!

SORRY, PETE... I JUST HAD A NIGHTMARE ABOUT A BUNCH OF COWBOYS TRYIN' TO KILL ME... AND THEY WERE VAMPIRES!
OH YEAH?..

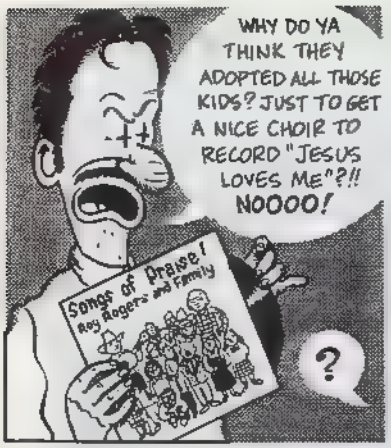
WELL, YA KNOW VAMPIRES HAVE BEEN AROUND FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS SO THERE MUSTA BEEN VAMPIRE COWBOYS...
NUH-UH!!

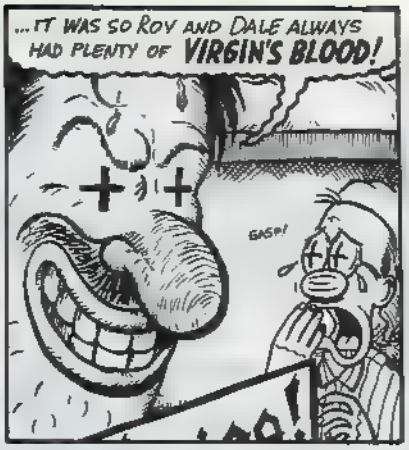
WHY SURE! AND HOW ABOUT THOSE OLD-WEST "BARBERSHOPS"? THEY USETA PUT LEECHES ON PEOPLE TO CURE HEADACHES AND STUFF...
SO?


SO... THEY PROBABLY JUST SUCKED THE BLOOD RIGHT OUTA THE LEECHES AND NOBODY WAS THE WISER!
WOW...


EVEN TODAY... YOU DON'T REALLY THINK U.F.O.'s MUTILATED THOSE COWS, NOW DO YOU?...
I GUESS NOT...

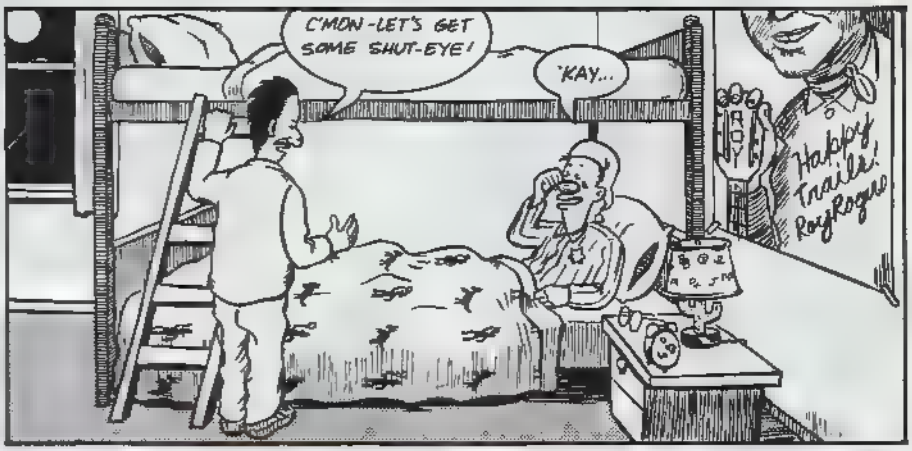
WHY, YOUR BIG HERO ROY ROGERS IS PROB'LY ONE OF THE UNDEAD HIMSELF!!
NOT ROY!
Happy Trails, Roy Rog

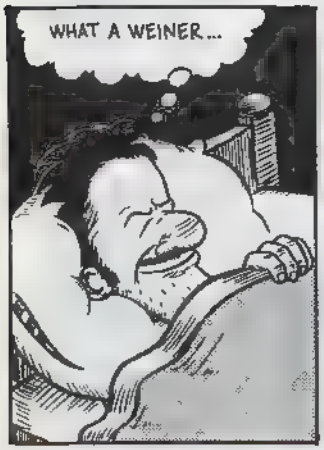

WHY DO YA THINK THEY ADOPTED ALL THOSE KIDS? JUST TO GET A NICE CHOIR TO RECORD "JESUS LOVES ME"?!! NOOOO!
Songs of Praise! Roy Rogers and Family
?


...IT WAS SO ROY AND DALE ALWAYS HAD PLENTY OF VIRGIN'S BLOOD!
GASP!

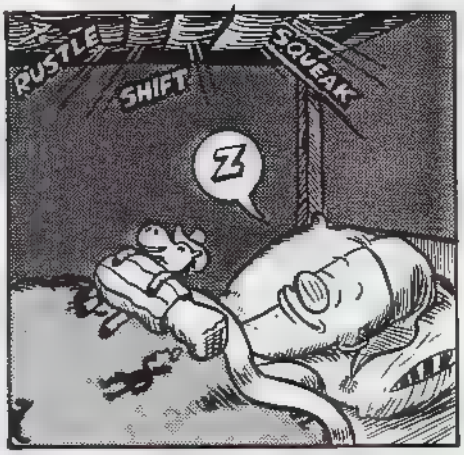
QUIT LYIN' YA BIG TURD!
OW!

AWRIGHT, AWRIGHT CALM DOWN, YA DAMN CRYBABY!! I WAS MAKIN' IT UP! EVERYBODY KNOWS VAMPIRES AREN'T REAL, OKAY?
HA! I KNEW IT!!


C'MON - LET'S GET SOME SHUT-EYE!
'KAY...
Happy Trails! RoyRogers


WHAT A WEINER...

UHH... ARE YOU STILL AWAKE DOWN THERE, HOWIE?..


RUSTLE
SHIFT
SQUEAK
Z

OH WELL... ONLY FIVE HOURS TO SUNRISE...
©95 Wayne

HOWDY, COMPAÑEROS! YORE OLD PAL AND NARRATOR HERE BUFFALO BUMP JOCKEY BUCK! AN I RECOLLECT BACK IN 1872— I WAS SHIPPIN' WEST ON THE OLD JISM TRAIL, LOOKIN FER TERRA NOVA WITH SOME FAMILY CALLED THE ROBINSONS AND SOME O' THEIR RANGE HANDS. WE DIDN'T HAVE NO MAPS OR NOTHIN'... WE WAS JUST FOLLOWIN' THAT DREAM...
FOLLOWIN' THAT MANIFEST DESTINY...
LOST on the PLAINS!...
IN OTHER WORDS, WE WAS THROUGHIN'...
WELLS FARGO
YEP AN REMEMBER TH ROBINSONS RODE WITH THIS TOUGH-GUY CAVALRY FELLA, A MAJOR WEST -- AN HIS KINDA QUEER DOCTOR FRIEND A RIGHT SPOOKY CHARACTER THEY CALLED SMITH...
I AM POSITIVELY CONVINCED THAT THIS WHOLE AREA IS CRAWLING WITH INDIANS! YES, I'M CERTAIN OF IT— RED SKINNED SAVAGES LURKING IN PREPARATION TO ATTACK AT ANY MOMENT AND RIP THE VERY HAIR FOLLICLES FROM OUR PARIETAL SURFACES..! SHIVEL...
SMITH, YOU PRETZEL ROD!! ONE MORE WORD OUTTA YOU AN' I'LL KICK YOUR ASS SO HARD — YOU'LL HAVE TO UNBUTTON YOUR SHIRT TO TAKE A SHIT!!
YEP- NOW THESE TWO SURE HAD A PEE-CULIAR RELATIONSHIP GOIN' ON...
HO HA HA HA HO HO HA
OH DON...
DONK!
OHHH THE PAIN... SNIFFLE...

AH RECOLLECT ONE NIGHT WHEN YOUNG WILL ROBINSON GOT HIMSELF INTO A PECK O' TROUBLE WITH ONE OF THE NEW RANGE HANDS...
IT WAS AFTER CHOW, AS I RECALL
BACK TURN'D OFF A MINUTE AN GIMME A BEER OR I'LL BLAST YA!
I AM THE DARK SPAWN OF SHUB-NIGGURATH
...AND I WILL HAVE BLOOD!!
HEY MISTER! HOW ABOUT A CUP OF COFFEE?
COFFEE...? CHUFFLE CHUFFLE
IT IS NOT COFFEE THAT I SEEK--
R-R-R-R-P!!
HOLY SHIT! ONE OF THE GREAT OLD ONES OF THE CTHULHU LEGENDS! WE'RE FUCKED FOR SURE!
K-KRUTCH-H!
WILL!!
YOU BEAST! YOU SPIT WILL'S FACE BACK OUT RIGHT NOW!! IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR DESSERT!!
NOW, A PASSEL O TIMES ME AN THE BOYS WONDERED WHAT THE HELL THAT GREAT BIG THING WAS THE ROBINSONS HAD IN THE BACK O THEIR WAGION--
NOW WE WUZ ABOUT TO FIND OUT.
HEY, DON!! WOULD YOU CARE TO CLIMB OFF MY DAUGHTER AND LEND US A HAND HERE--!?

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, MY MECHANICAL MYRMIDON!!
WARNING! WARNING!
IMMINENT DANGER!
WOAH! THAT'S A CYBERSYSTEMS MODEL 1100! I'LL GIVE YA TWO TO ONE ON THE ROBOT!
DONE. GOT'A TAKE THE POINTS AN' GO WITH THE DARK SPAWN
ACTUATING PIEZO ELECTRIC FORCE BEAMS
ZZZZORT!!
I AM CERTAIN THAT UPON SOBER REFLECTION, ALL OF THIS WILL SOMEHOW TURN OUT, AS USUAL, TO BE DR. SMITH'S FAULT.
YER A COMPULSIVE GAMBLER, BUCK! MEBBE YA OUGHT TO GIT SOME HELP!
AHEM!
NON SEQUITUR. THAT DOES NOT COMPUTE ...FRZZT!!
WHIMPER
WILL...? WILL...? SPEAK TO ME, WILL!
The END.
WM. NEFF 1987

© 1989 R. SALA
BATS
I'm driving through the desert, trying to make LA by morning. Around midnight I stop at a roadside bar, order a few drinks and listen to the band play songs of unrequited love.
The audience of female fans sways in melancholy rapture.

I spend a couple of hours drinking heavily. Soon it's time to look for the rest room.
I find it, switch on the light, and immediately notice that the room is full of bats. Apparently I've disturbed their slumber.
Groping for the exit, I accidentally take a wrong turn and then end up traveling down a narrow passage. I open a door...

Inside, girls I recognize from the bar are half-heartedly struggling with large yellow-eyed men. It may be some desert custom I've never heard of.

Embarrassed ~ and a little wary ~ I slip back down the hallway ...

I'm on the way to my car when something swoops down out of the night sky. I feel a sharp pain.

Later that week, back in my city apartment, I develop a sudden urge to take guitar lessons.

End

the ballad of...
Stoney Joe
FLEENER ©1990
SALOON
SALOON

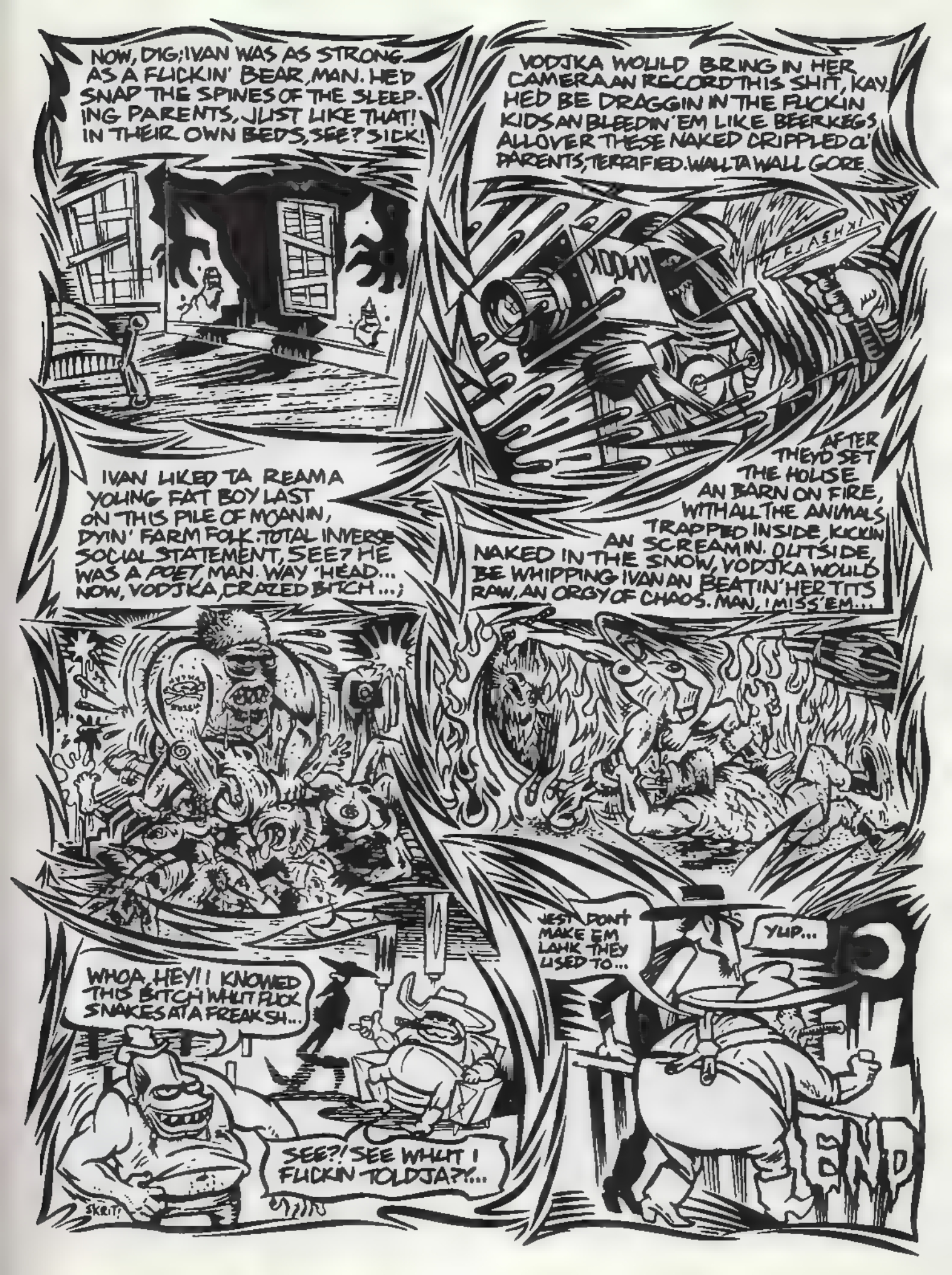
TH' END

VEGAS
AS IN LAS, AMIGO. SOME TIME IN THE LATE 50'S DOWNTOWN
WE JOIN OUR TERROR TRIO
DRIVEN BAR
HEY, FUCKHAID!! Y'ALL DONE WIFFAT LIL' MEZKIN BITCH?!
"FUCK THE POOR!" NIGHTLY
NOT OUR TERROR TRIO
SKREEEE!!
THIS IS THE STRIP, NOT DOWNTOWN
YUH, KARNAK ALL DID WIF...
YA'LL BETTER 'VE SAVED ME A DECENT DRANK THIS TAHM, INGRATE SUMBITCH!
WHOASHEET I KIN FEEL IT COMING UP ANYMANNIT
HOW'D AH EVAH GIT HOOKED UP WITH THE LIKES O' YO TWO?! NO GODAMN CLASS! ONE O' YO A TWO BIT DOPEFIEND, TUTHER SOME LO-RENT WHORE HAULER WITH A I.Q. OF A COL' SAMWICH!!
OK, NOW THE STORY!
DEAL ME MUH FUCKIN CARDS YA OL' SCROTSAC PIECEASHIT...
BOYZ, IN THE OL' DAYS, WE HAD SLIM REAL
VAMPIRE COWBOYS!
I HADDA FUCKIN KILLER HAND, TOO; MAN!
THE PIZZ
© 1989

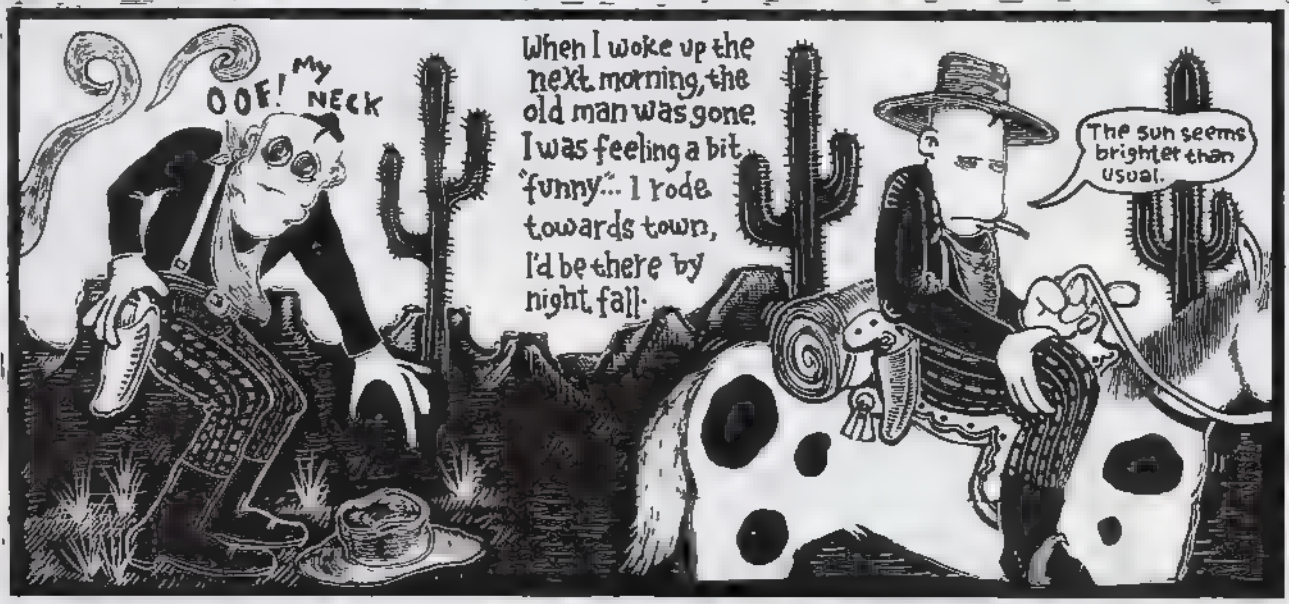
YO' SMARTYASS MODERN MO-FLICKS DON'T WANNA RE-MEMBER THA' OL' DAYS! WE HAD US NO ALLNITE CASINOS TA GIT FRESH FEEDS FROM ANY HOUR! ROUGH TIMES, PUNKS!
GO FUCK YO' SELF, KARNAK! AH MADE IT OUT HERE FROM BACK EAST EARLY ENUF! YO BASTIDS WERE ALL HORSE EATERS! CHICKEN SUCKERS! TALK ABOUT NO CLASS! BUNCHA LEFTOVER OL' COUNTRY TYPE CRAP!
HOGFUCKIN WASH, SUN!
MUDBRAIN! ARE YA'LL LIST'NIN TO ME?! YO DUM ASS IS GLUED TO THET TV!!
HEAR NOW... WE VAMPIRE STUCK TOGETHUH! WE HAD US FUCKIN INJUNS ON ONESIDE, CATTLE RANCHERS FUCKIN WIF OUR SETTLERS!!
YUH, KARN, I KIN HEAR YO ASS...
WHUCHANL IZZAT, MAN? GOODSHIT!
KERAF!
SETTLERS WUZ THE BEST THANG WE'S EVAH HAD!! THOUSANDS OF 'EM, LAHK FUCKIN SHEEP! SLAUGHTER 'EM LAHK HAWG! BLAME IT ON OL' MR. REDSKIN!!!
BRAP!
BUT IT TWERN'T EASY, NO SUH! NO PLACE TA HIDE OUT HYAR! ALL DESERT!
THIZ PLACE IZ LAHK A STOCKED POND! THET NEW HIGHWAY BE LIKE A RIVER OF BLOOD, JEST DRAININ HYAR!
AND YER MOUTH IS A RIVER FULLA SHEEIT, KARNAK! YOU MAKE THE OL' WEST VAMPIRE SOUND LIKE THEY FUCKIN PURITAN OR SOME SUCH....

THEYS REAL GONE BLOOD THIRSTY BASTIDS BACK THEN, DAD.
SKRIT!
FUCK YEAH. MUSTA BEEN GREAT!
SHEEIT, BWAH. AH REMEMBAS...
HAD ME THIS WHOLE GOD-DAMN HO-HOUSE. TREAT ME LIKA KING. MADAME ELEKTRA, BIG ASS OL' B'TRCH. RAILROAD CATTLE DAYS. LOTSA MONEY...
LITER'LLY!
THET EUROPEAN TRASH WENT HAWG FUCKIN-WILD 'N' HAD RIPPED OFFER HAID 'N' WAS FUCKIN R'NECK HOLE, BLOOD N'S NOT N SHIT EVER WHAR!!
GOES IN THAR N THET SLUMBITCH HAS TH' PURTIEST GAL BY TH' NECK...
I BEEN HAVIN A GOOD OL' TIME DRINKING GOOD IRISH 'N' CORN HOLING THE OL' GAL WHEN WE HEARS WIERD FUCKIN NOISES...
SO, THIS ONE TIME I BRINGS THIS FELLA BY; AZRAEL, FROM THA OL' COUNTRY...
I GUT SHOT THET PREVERT PLINK WITH MAH TWIN COLTS, YUP! HE WEREN'T GONE TA BURN DOWN MAH HO-HOUSE! SILVER BULLETS, YUP!
HE'S DOWN, CLAWIN' AT THE BLOODY PULP OF HIS STINKIN GUTS, TRYING TA STUFF EM BACK INSIDE. EYES ROLLIN, HE CLAWED N' CHEWED THA RUG LIKA GOD DAMN MAD DOG, FANGS BUSTIN!

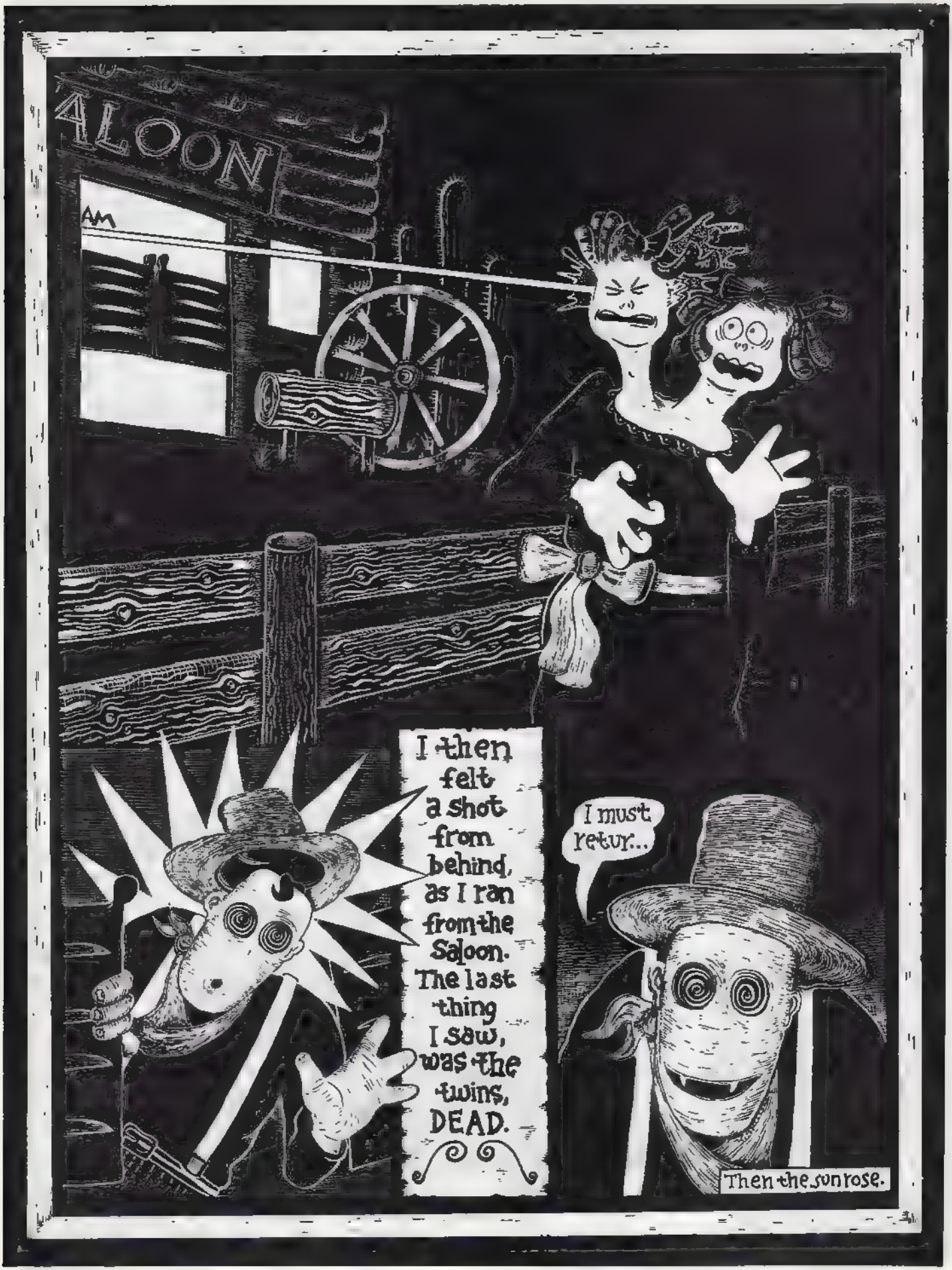
KARNAK, DAT SOUNDS GRATE! I'MEMBER WHEN DIS PLURTY LADY CRASHED ON DA HI-WAY 25 MILES OUTSIDE AH TOWN. SHE'S DONE GOT DE-CABIT PATED. NO HEAD!! JUST LIKE THAT GURL YO TOL' US BOUT!
SHE WUZ SOME STAR BROAD. THERE WUZ HER SHIT'N' PISS ALL OVER THA SEAT, WHOA! BLOOD EVER-WHERE! I SOAKED MY SHIRT INNIT FOR A SOUVENEAR. COPS CAME...
JUST MADE IT OUTTA THERE! IM HID'IN' THA SAGE, RILLY EXCITED! HADDA WOODY, SO I STARTS JERKIN OFF WITH MY FILTHY SHIRT, SUCKIN' ON THA SLEEVE! FELT GOOD'N FOWL!
THEY WUZ BAGGING THE BODY. WHEN OOPS! I SAW HER HEAD FALL ON THA GROUN. IT WUZ LOOKIN' ME IN THA EYE, UNDERSTANDING LIKE. I CAME INSTANTLY INNA HER STAINS!!
GAWDAM, B'WAH! YO IS A SICK MUTHA FUCKAH!!
HAR, NAW, THIZ IS SICK, DAD! 'MEMBER THAT PAIR, IVAN AN' VODJKA-COUSIN? THA CZAR'S WELL NOW...
THEY WAS WAY FUCKIN KINK. THE ONLY VAMP COUPLE I EVER GOT TO KNOW. THEY PLAYED "GAMES". IVAN WOULD SNEAK INTO SOME LONE FARM HOUSE, SEE...
TEP TEP TEP


NOW, DIG; IVAN WAS AS STRONG AS A FUCKIN' BEAR, MAN. HE'D SNAP THE SPINES OF THE SLEEPING PARENTS, JUST LIKE THAT! IN THEIR OWN BEDS, SEE? SICK!
VODJKA WOULD BRING IN HER CAMERA AN RECORD THIS SHIT, KAY. HE'D BE DRAGGIN IN THE FUCKIN KIDS AN BLEEDIN' EM LIKE BEERKEGS ALL OVER THESE NAKED CRIPPLED OL' PARENTS, TERRIFIED. WALL TA WALL GORE.
FLASH!
IVAN LIKED TA REAM A YOUNG FAT BOY LAST ON THIS PILE OF MOANIN, DYIN' FARM FOLK. TOTAL INVERSE SOCIAL STATEMENT, SEE? HE WAS A *POET*, MAN. WAY 'HEAD... NOW, VODJKA, CRAZED BITCH...;
AFTER THEY'D SET THE HOUSE AN BARN ON FIRE, WITH ALL THE ANIMALS TRAPPED INSIDE, KICKIN AN SCREAMIN. OUTSIDE, NAKED IN THE SNOW, VODJKA WOULD BE WHIPPING IVAN AN BEATIN' HER TITS RAW, AN ORGY OF CHAOS. MAN, I MISS 'EM...
WHOA, HEY!! I KNOWED THIS BITCH WHUT FUCK SNAKES AT A FREAK SH...
SEE?! SEE WHUT I FUCKIN TOLD JA?!...
SKRIT!
JEST DON'T MAKE EM LAHK THEY USED TO...
YUP...
END

WHA..
THE
APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE
I'm only cold my friend, with a bit of drink yes?
SURE. SIT.
As we sat and drank, he told stories that chilled my bones, my head was spinning!!!
"To be one undead, drink the liquor red. Spill the young blood twice. Suffice it to be said, return to the spot where you initially lay, or endure the wrath of... IMMORTAL DECAY!"
I SOON PASSED OUT
©B. Hilvitz '90




I reached a saloon at sunset, my skull was exploding, my soul felt like water rushing down a drain.


SALOON
I then felt a shot from behind, as I ran from the Saloon. The last thing I saw, was the twins, DEAD.
I must retur...
Then the sun rose.

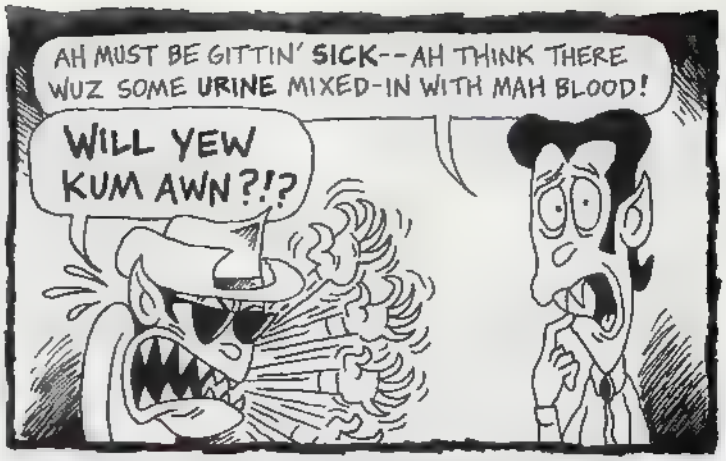
THE
END?

PROLOGUE: ONCE, WHEN I WAS A KID, THE FOLKS TOOK ME ALONG ON A TRIP TO OKLAHOMA FOR A VISIT WITH SOME OF DAD'S FAMILY THERE -- MY COUSINS JACK & GENE WERE ABOUT MY AGE -- WE ALL GOT TO TALKING ABOUT OUR FAVORITE **MONSTER MOVIES**...

# VAMPIRE COWBOYS

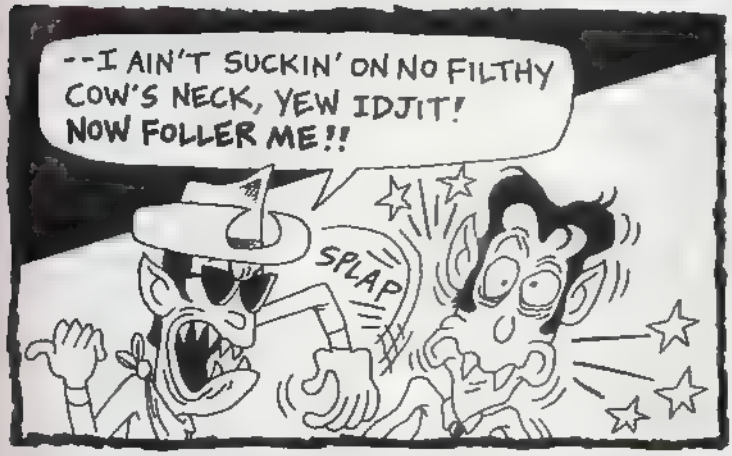
© 1990 by JRWILLIAMS

~~GOD~~ SATAN BLESS OUR HOME
BAT MAN
PSSSP
MIRROR OUT OF ORDER


AH MUST BE GITTIN' SICK--AH THINK THERE WUZ SOME URINE MIXED-IN WITH MAH BLOOD!
WILL YEW KUM AWN?!?

FLAP FLAPPY FLAP FLAPPITY FLAP FLAP
♫ (FOGGY MOUNTAIN BREAKDOWN!) ♫

NOW WE GOTS T'GIT US A COUPLE'A LONG NECKS-- GURLS, THAT IS!! HARHAR!
AW, HUD! YEW KNOW GURLS MAKE ME NERVOUS! CAIN'T WE JUS' ATTACH OURSELFS T'SOME NICE HEIFER COWS, LAHK TH' BATS DO?
SALOON

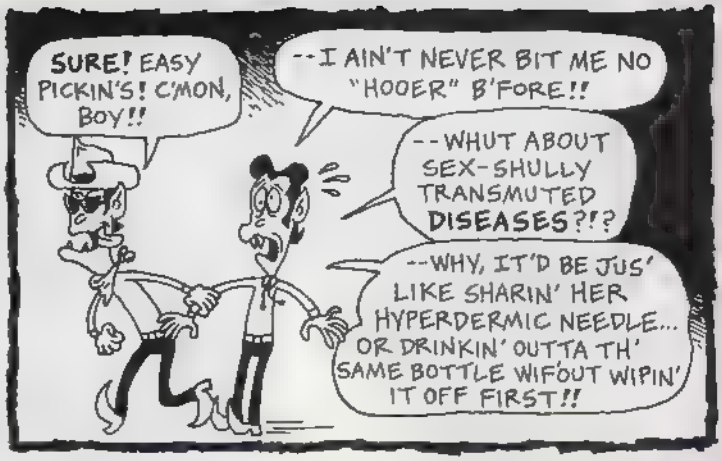

--I AIN'T SUCKIN' ON NO FILTHY COW'S NECK, YEW IDJIT! NOW FOLLER ME!!
SPLAP

♫MAMAS, DON'T LET YORE COWBOYS GROW UP TUH BE VAMPIRES--! ♫
LONE STAR BEER
ROCK-O-RAMA

♫CAN AH HELP YEW BOYS?
NO THANKS! WE'RE LOOKIN' FER GURLS WIF LONG NECKS!

SHUT UP 'N' LET ME DO TH' TAWKIN', DOUCHEBAG!!
KLOP

:PSST!: SEE THAT GAL OVER AT TH' BAR? THAT THERE'S A PROSTYTOOT!
--YEW MEAN A WOMAN UH "ILL REPYOOT"?


SURE! EASY PICKIN'S! C'MON, BOY!!
--I AIN'T NEVER BIT ME NO "HOOER" B'FORE!!
--WHUT ABOUT SEX-SHULLY TRANSMUTED DISEASES?!?
--WHY, IT'D BE JUS' LIKE SHARIN' HER HYPERDERMIC NEEDLE... OR DRINKIN' OUTTA TH' SAME BOTTLE WIFOUT WIPIN' IT OFF FIRST!!

WELL, MA'AM! YORE TWO LOVER BOYS HAVE ARRIVED! HOW 'BOUT IT?

HMM-- AH DON'T USUALLY TAKE ON TWO AT A TIME! SOUNDS T'ME LIKE "DOUBLE TROUBLE"-- OR MAYBE A DOUBLE CROSS! HA HA HA!
--CROSS!! SHE SAID CROSS!!
--WHERE?!? WHERE'S A CROSS?!?

...WELL, AH MIGHT CONSIDER TAKIN' YEW BOYS ON, IF'N YEW TAKE ME OUT FER A FANCY SUPPER SOMEWHERES... BUY ME SOME LOBSTER 'N' A NICE STEAK...
STAKE!! SHE SAID STAKE!!
OOOH, AH HATES STAKES!!

HEY, WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YEW TWO WEIRDOS?!? JESUS CHRIST!!
--DON'T SAY THAT NAME!!!

SEVERAL PICK-UP ATTEMPTS LATER...
SHEEIT.
AFFIRMATIVE.

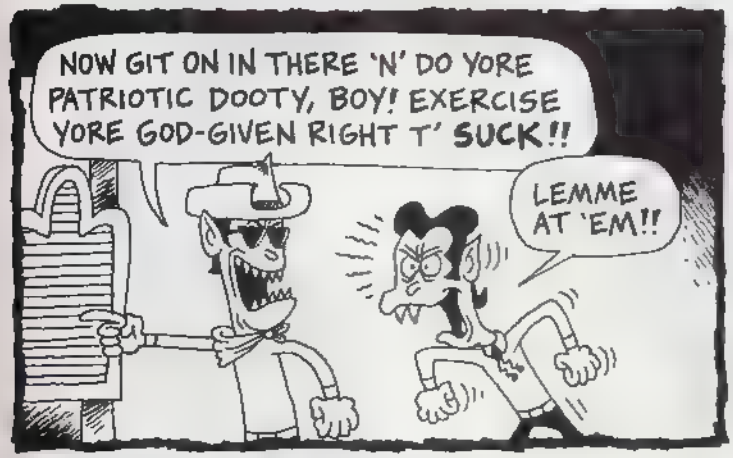
WE AIN'T HAVIN' NO LUCK AT ALL.
AH WUZN'T CUT OUT T'BE NO VAMPIRE.
MAYBE AH'LL JUS' WAIT FER TH' SUN T' COME UP 'N' COMMIT SOOEYSIDE.

--YEW AIN'T GIVIN' UP, ARE YUH?!?
AW, HUD... AH JUS' DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT IT ALL... SKULKIN' AROUND ALL NIGHT.
...KILLIN' PEOPLE...
...BLOOD STAINS ALL OVER MAH BEST SHIRTS...

HELL, BOY!! YOU AN' ME AIN'T NO DIFFRUNT THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THIS HERE GREAT COUNTRY!!
HUH?

WHY, WE'RE JUS' PLAIN, DOWN-HOME, GOOD OL' IGNORANT FOLKS...

...WE GRAB WHUTEVER WE KIN GIT, SUCK TH' LIFE OUT OF IT, AN' THROW AWAY TH' HUSKS! GODDAMMIT, ROY! THAT'S TH' AMERICAN WAY!
YEAH!!


NOW GIT ON IN THERE 'N' DO YORE PATRIOTIC DOOTY, BOY! EXERCISE YORE GOD-GIVEN RIGHT T' SUCK!!
LEMME AT 'EM!!

KLONK

DURN IT! --CHIPPED A FANG--

AND SO...
MOVE OVER, ASSHOLE...
SCHLURRP
END.

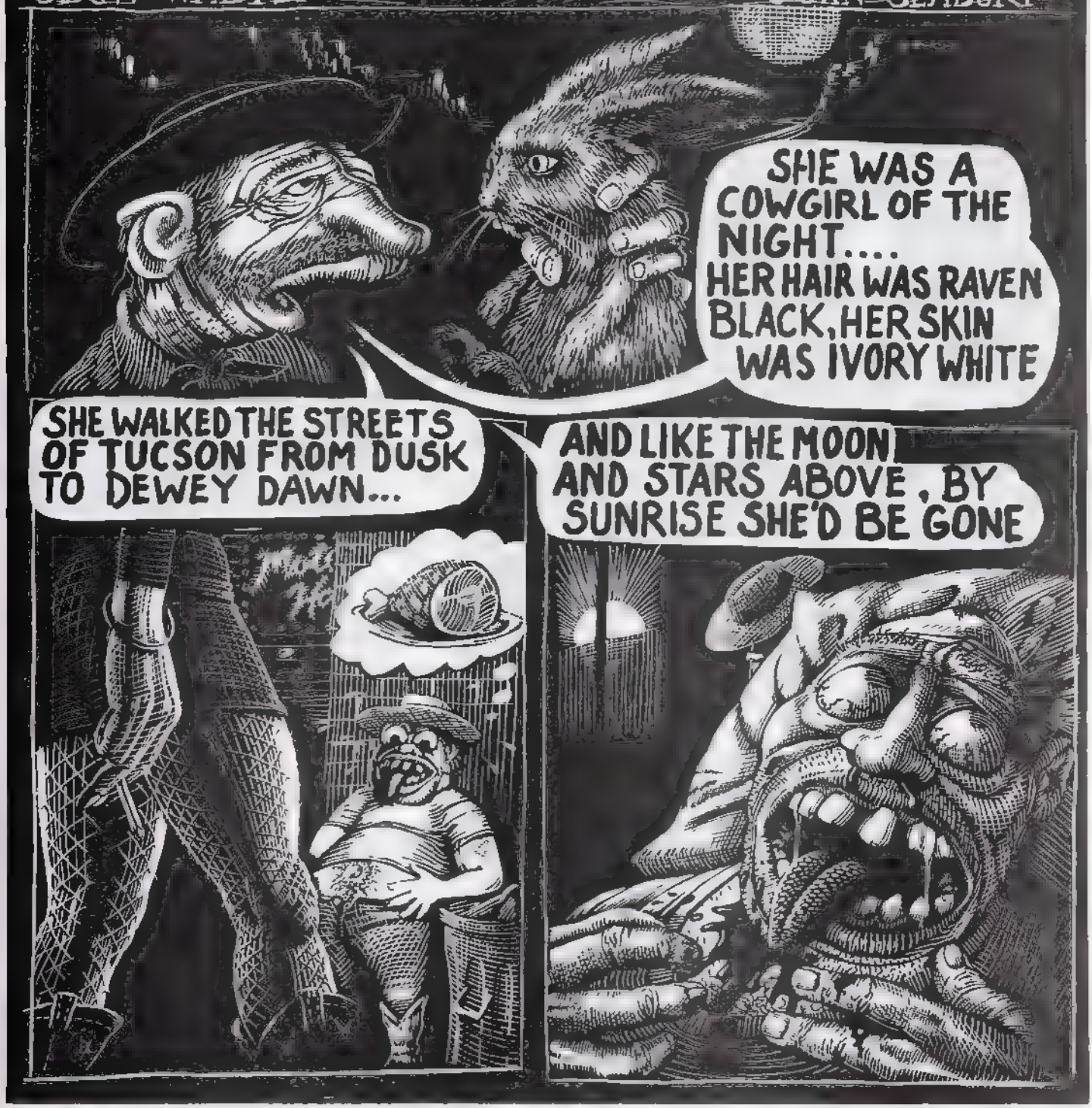
How The WEST Was WON
How?

– For MY CHEROKEE DANCER

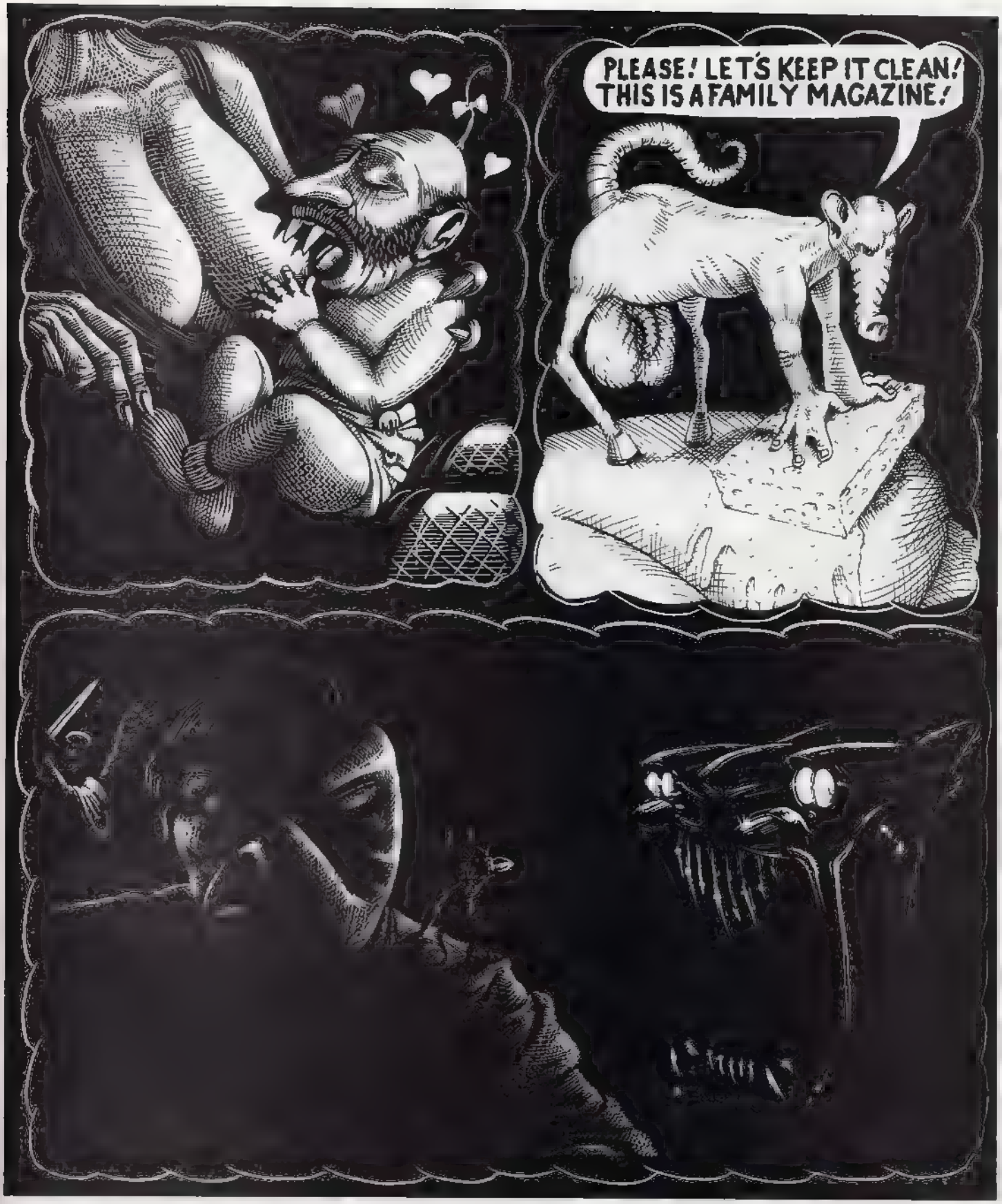
# COWGIRL OF THE NIGHT
## (CHESTER'S LAMENT)

WORDS AND PICTURES BY JOHN SEABURY

SLOW WALTZ

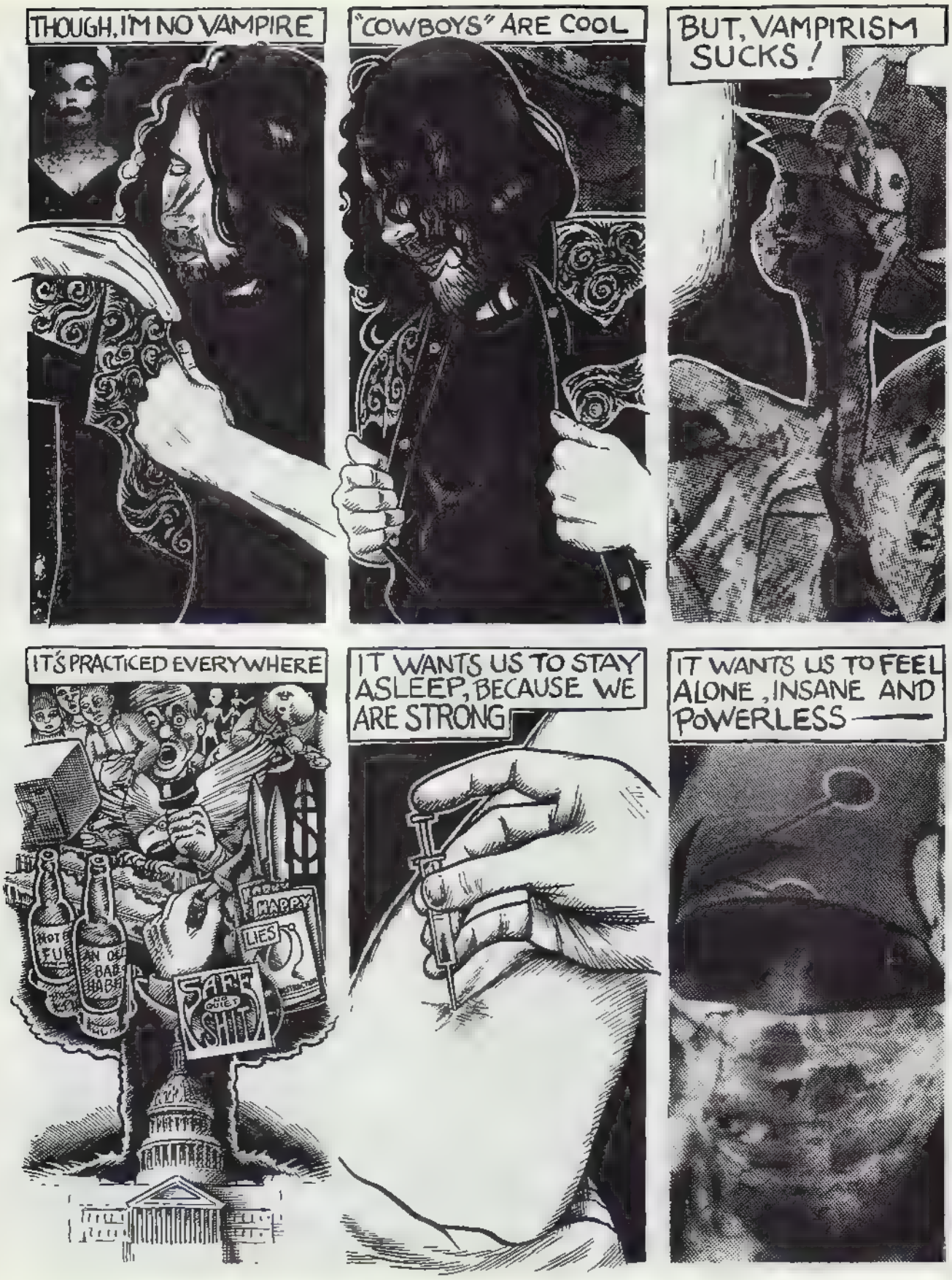


THEY SAID SHE CAME FROM FAR AWAY, ACROSS THE OCEAN BLUE
'THOUGH SHE'D BEEN HERE FOR MANY A YEAR, HER NAME NOBODY KNEW
ONE NIGHT SHE CAME AND KISSED ME I FELL INTO A SWOON I LAY AND DREAMED THE DAY AWAY
AND PRAYED SHE'D COME BACK SOON...
CHESTER'S DREAM
CHESTER? DINNERTIME!
MOM?


PLEASE! LET'S KEEP IT CLEAN! THIS IS A FAMILY MAGAZINE!

BUT SHE NEVER CAME BACK
SHE NEVER CAME BACK
JHS '90
ALL I HAVE TO REMEMBER HER BY
IS THE VEIL OF BLACK LACE THAT SHROUDED HER FACE..
AND A HUNGER DEEP INSIDE.

VAMPIRIC COWBOYS? COWBOY VAMPIRES...? UH... COWGIRLS?
COW FOLKS?
VAMPIRE COWPEOPLE?
I FIGURE THAT MOVIE "NEAR DARK" WAS, LIKE IT, Y'KNOW...
DIRECTED BY KATHRYN BIGELOW 1987. FEATURING A SCENE WHERE AN ADULT IN A PERMANENTLY 9 YR OLD VAMPIRE BODY CHASES A GIRL OF HIS PHYSICAL AGE INTO THE FATAL SUNLIGHT WEARING A BURROUGHS T-SHIRT
LUCKILY I HAVE MY VAMPIRIC COWBOY SHIRT!


THOUGH, I'M NO VAMPIRE
"COWBOYS" ARE COOL
BUT, VAMPIRISM SUCKS!
IT'S PRACTICED EVERYWHERE
HAPPY
LIES
SAFE
IT WANTS US TO STAY ASLEEP, BECAUSE WE ARE STRONG
IT WANTS US TO FEEL ALONE, INSANE AND POWERLESS

IT FEEDS US FEAR AND IT FEEDS ON OUR FEAR
666
LOSE THE FEAR, YOU LOSE THE SLAVE
AWWW... HE FOLLOWED ME, HOME CAN'T WE KEEP 'IM?
VAMPIRISM STARTS WHERE LIFE STOPS
IT FEEDS ON LIFE BUT IT HAS NO LIFE
IT'S A DECISION EACH OF US MAKES FROM MOMENT TO MOMENT
"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

OH YEAH...
IF WE MESSED IT UP...
CAN WE FIX IT?
"THAT IS the QUESTION."
©1990 G. PARSONS

—TRADITIONAL SINGING GAME—

# LITTLE FIGHT IN MEXICO

HAD A LITTLE FIGHT IN MEXICO.
IF IT WASN'T FOR THE GIRLS THE BOYS WOULDN'T GO.

COME TO THE PLACE WHERE THE BLOOD WAS SHED,
THE GIRLS TURNED BACK BUT THE BOYS WENT AHEAD.

© MOISEIWITSCH 1990

WHEN THOSE BOYS AND GIRLS DO MEET
THEY DO HUG AND KISS SO SWEET.

YOU HAD BETTER GET UP, YOU ARE MIGHTY IN THE WAY.
CHOOSE YOU A PARTNER AND COME ALONG AND PLAY!

©HILVITZ 89